

# THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

A JOURNAL OF  
LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

"The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them."  
Dr Johnson.

"Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."  
Washington's Farewell Letter.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1822.

No. 10.

## ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.  
(Continued from page 69.)

WHILE thus engaged in the discipline of his troops at Fort Strother, he was joined by the 39th Regiment U. S. Infantry, consisting of 600 men; which augmented his force to about 4000, all eager and prepared for active service. His rapid movements soon brought him again in contact with the Creeks, whom he defeated with prodigious slaughter, at the bloody battle of the *Horse-shoe*, on the 27th March. From 600 to 1000 Indian warriors, the flower of the nations, fell in that sanguinary engagement. The annals of history do not record a more brilliant, intrepid, and decisive victory. The Savages lurking in supposed security behind their formidable Intrenchments, seemed to bid equal defiance to art and courage to assail them with success; but Jackson carried their works by storm, in a furious assault, in the most gallant manner; which reflected immortal glory upon the troops, and their commander. This blow proved a complete prostration of Indian power; and the object of his expedition, being, therefore, accomplished, he returned to Fort Williams with his forces, on the 1st of April.

Notwithstanding he was emaciated and feeble in body, owing to his incessant exertions and activity, through an arduous campaign; the vigour of his mind still bore him through the enterprises which he was yet destined to accomplish. From Fort Williams, Jackson marched in pursuit of the *Hillabees*, a tribe of the Creek nation, resolved either to exterminate, or compel them to supplicate for peace. He accordingly proceeded to the *Hickory ground*, but the Indians fled before him; so that he had leisure to establish a Fort at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, which was called *Fort Jackson*.

The Creeks now sued for Peace, which was granted; and after an absence of eight months, Jackson commenced his march homewards, attended by the applause and encomiums of a grateful people. It was now his intention to retire from public life, and endeavour to re-establish his debilitated health. But the call of his country, again to march to her defence, superseded every other consideration; and in June 1814, he received the appointment of Brigadier General, in the army of the United States. He was also appointed a Commissioner, to effect a Treaty of Peace, or rather a ratification of conquests, with the vanquished Indians, which comprehended the whole Creek country. This duty he performed to the full satisfaction of government. Shortly afterwards, he was promoted to be a Major General in the Federal army.

The next important service rendered by General Jackson to his country, was at *New Orleans*, in defeating the British with immense slaughter, and repelling their attempted conquest of that precious portion of the Union. Previous to active operations, however, in that quarter, the perfidy of Spanish arrogance, demanded his services at Pensacola, which had long been a secure salient point for the attacks both of the Indians and the British; the former being openly countenanced, succoured, and supplied with arms, by the Spanish authorities, while the British were not less favoured, nor less assisted in their aggressions. Such an open violation of *professed* Neutrality, was not likely to be tamely borne by Jackson. Being joined by General Coffee at Fort St. Stephens with 3000 men, he immediately began his march for the Spanish garrison; and on the 6th November, appeared before Pensacola. The Bearer of a Flag of truce from Jack-

son's army, was fired on, with more than savage ferocity, by the canon of the Spanish Fort. Here all negotiation became impossible; and accordingly, on the morning of the 7th instant, he made his preparations to storm the town. His own letter will best report the issue of this attack.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR BLOUNT.

H. Q. 7th Military District.  
Tensaw, Nov. 14, 1814.

SIR,

On last evening I returned from Pensacola to this place. I reached that post on the evening of the 6th. On my approach, I sent Major Pierre with a flag to communicate the object of my visit to the Governor of Pensacola. He approached Fort St. George, with his flag displayed, and was fired on by the canon from the fort; he returned and made report thereof to me. I immediately went with the Adjutant-General and the Major, with a small escort; and viewed the Fort, and found it defended by both British and Spanish troops. I immediately determined to storm the town; retired and encamped my troops for the night, and made the necessary arrangements to carry my determination into effect the next day.

On the morning of the 7th, I marched with the effective regulars of the 3rd, 39th, and 44th infantry; part of General Coffee's brigade, the Mississippi dragoons, and part of the West Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Hammonds, (Col. Lowry having deserted and gone home,) and part of the Choctaws, led by Maj. Blue, of the 39th, and Maj. Kennedy, of the Mississippi Territory. Being encamped on the west of the Town, I calculated they would expect the assault from that quarter, and be prepared to risk me from the fort, and the British armed vessels, seven in number, that lay in the bay. To cherish this idea, I sent out part of the mounted men to show themselves on the West, whilst I passed in rear to the Fort, undiscovered, to the east of the Town. When I appeared within a mile, I was in full view. My pride was never more heightened than in viewing the uniform firmness of my troops, and with what undaunted courage they advanced, with a strong fort ready to assail them on the right; seven British armed vessels on the left; strong block-houses and batteries of canon in their front; but they still advanced with unshaken firmness, entered the town, when a battery of two canon was opened upon the centre column, composed of regulars, with ball and grape, and a shower of musketry from the houses and gardens. The battery was immediately stormed by Capt. Levall, and company, and carried, and the musketry was soon silenced by the steady and well directed fire of the regulars.

The governor met Cols. Williamson and Smith, who led the dismounted volunteers, with a flag, begged for mercy, and surrendered the town and fort unconditionally. Mercy was granted and protection given to the citizens and their property, and still Spanish Treachery kept us out of possession of the Fort, until nearly 12 o'clock at night.

Never was more cool, determined bravery displayed by any troops; and the Choctaws advanced to the charge with equal bravery.

On the morning of the 8th, I prepared to march and storm the Barancas; but before I could move, tremendous explosions told me that Barancas, with all its appendages, was blown up. I despatched a detachment of two hundred men to explore it, who returned in the night with the information that it was blown up; all the combustible parts burnt, the canon spiked and dismantled, except two. This being the case, I determined to withdraw my troops; but before I did, I had the pleasure to see the British depart. Col. Nicoll abandoned the fort on

the night of the 6th, and betook himself to his shipping, with his friend Capt. Woodbine, and their red friends.

The steady firmness of my troops has drawn a just respect from our enemies. It has convinced the Red Sticks, that they have no strong hold or protection, only in the friendship of the United States. The good order and conduct of my troops whilst in Pensacola, has convinced the Spaniards of our friendship and our prowess, and has drawn from the citizens an expression, that our *Choctaws* are more civilized than the *British*.

In great haste,  
I am, &c.

ANDREW JACKSON.

After these events, the safety of *New Orleans* became an object of primary concern; and awakened all the solicitude of Jackson.—Upon the arrival, therefore, of Brig. Gen. Winchester of the U. S. army, Gen. Jackson having assigned him the command of the eastern section of his District, marched with all possible expedition towards *New Orleans*, where he arrived on the 2nd December 1814. Dismay and terror, which had so long held the inhabitants of that place in incessant agitation, immediately gave place to the fullest confidence, and sense of security, the moment that Jackson put his foot within the city. Before his arrival, all was lethargy, indifference, and inaction, in regard to defence, while no bounds were set to their fears and alarm. But no sooner was the news spread, and it flew with the rapidity of glad tidings, that *Jackson had arrived*, then all was exultation and defiance. The General stopped not to taste either repose or pleasure; but from dawn till near midnight was constantly on horseback, surveying the points most accessible to the invasion of a foreign enemy, and devising every means to obstruct or repel their approaches.

With all his prowess, energy, foresight, caution, and experience, however, his duty now became painfully arduous, and his situation perilous in the extreme. The army he was to command, was of a motley character, and formed of the most heterogeneous materials. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Creoles, and Americans, were all ranged indiscriminately under his banners. Their passions, their prejudices, their feelings, and their principles, were all distinct if not discordant; and wanted a common object to unite their exertions, in order to become successful. This centre of union, General Jackson attempted to show them, was to be found in their common country; and he appealed to them, in the following address, in terms at once patriotic, manly, and energetic; but the eloquence of which was wholly lost, upon the Spanish and French portion of the population of Louisiana; in whom treachery and indifference but too much prevailed.—The address of General Jackson on that occasion, deserves to be incorporated into the history of the Republic, an imperishable specimen of patriotic eloquence.

"Natives of the United States! the enemy you are to contend with, are the oppressors of your infant political existence—they are the men your fathers fought and conquered, whom you are now to oppose.

Descendants of Frenchmen! natives of France! they are English, the hereditary, the eternal enemies of your ancient country, the invaders of that you have adopted, who are your foes. Spaniards! remember the conduct of your allies at St. Sebastian, and recently at Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the brutal injuries inflicted by men who dishonour the human race. Louisianians! your General rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you, not only for your honour, but your safety; for whatever had been your conduct or wishes, his duty would have led, and yet will lead him, to confound the citizen unmindful of his rights, with the enemy he ceases to oppose. Commanding men who know their rights, and are determined to defend them; he salutes you as brethren in arms; and has now a new motive to exert all his faculties, which shall be strained to the utmost in your defence. Continue with the energy you have begun, and he promises you not only safety, but victory over an insolent foe, who has insulted you by an affected doubt of your attachment to the Constitution of your country. Your enemy is near; his sails already cover the lakes: but the brave are united; and if he finds us contending among ourselves, it will be for the pride of valour—and fame, its noblest reward."

Thus could this extraordinary man, with a handful of faltering and discordant troops, predict Victory over the most disciplined army of European soldiers that had ever taken the field, and four times the number of his raw and inexperienced recruits. Resolved either to conquer or to perish, he left neither his soldiers nor himself an alternative. On such terms, victory could scarcely fail to crown the efforts of a commander, who united the valour of Pompey to the genius of Cæsar, and blended the fortune of the latter, to the stern virtues of a Republican Captain. By applauding such a victory as that of Orleans, we consecrate an event purely patriotic. Other battles are fought for glory, for conquest, and spoliation. But this was for national existence, in defence of our homes, our wives, our daughters, our liber-

ty; to save our habitations from conflagration, our females from pollution, ourselves from thralldom, insult, and ignominy. Such a battle was worthy of the special favour of heaven; and such a victory, must eternally hallow and immortalize the man, whose genius and valour achieved it. But the fervour of our admiration and gratitude has tempted us to anticipate that glorious event.

(To be continued.)

BRACEBRIDGE HALL,

OR THE HUMOURISTS.—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Medley.

(Continued from page 68.)

WE have observed throughout these volumes that Mr. Irving seldom makes allusion to a subject susceptible of further amplification, without following it up by a separate paper or essay, in which he fills up and completes the previous outline, often at the *great peril* of tedious repetition. In the first volume, he gave us a lofty encomium upon Noblemen, and hereditary estates; which he follows up in the second, by an essay upon *English Country Gentlemen*, in which we find much to condemn, and something to approve. This however, is the least frivolous of his small sketches. But when he begins to boast of England possessing "*so much Freedom*;" we cannot avoid concluding, that the American youth has certainly quenched his judgment and his principles, in the poisoned chalice of British aristocracy. Nothing short of the most fatal infatuation, could thus have seduced an American, into an error, which few out of the sphere of Ministerial influence and corruption, can even think of, without indignation, or ridicule. "*So much English Freedom!*" So much, that, according to Mr. Irving, "It is absurd in a country like *England*, where there is *so much Freedom*, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to assume an aristocratical tone, and to talk supersciously of the common people." If this gentleman was to travel to *Ireland*, what a flaming oration would he not pronounce upon *Irish Liberty*! But the sentiments of the writer upon this subject are too preposterously ridiculous for serious animadversion; for instance, to call the British Borough system a *Representative Form* of government! Indeed, the *Courier* itself would blush, to send forth from its columns, such fulsome adulation, of a thing that has long since surceased to exist in that devoted country. And this eulogy too, to come from the pen of a professed, an avowed, and zealous American champion of the corrupt Borough system and Hierarchy of England: a service, which we had fondly imagined, for the sake of human virtue, no one could be found base enough to perform, but a hireling of the most rotten Ministry that ever disgraced that unhappy kingdom. But let us draw a veil over the humiliating subject, too painful to reflect on.

Many of the essays in the second volume are below frivolity; they are absolutely puerile, equally void of matter, humour, wit, fancy, or embellishment, putting all patience at defiance;—mere whip syllabubs of *petty descriptions*, and singular metaphors. Such are the sketches entitled *ENGLISH GRAVITY*, *GIPSIES*, *MAY-DAY CUSTOMS*, *A BATCHELOR'S CONFESSION*, *VILLAGE WORTHIES*, *THE SCHOOL*, *POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS*, and others, "too tedious to mention," like an advertisement of small wares.

Mr. Irving's forte consists, as we before said, in *paint-*



ing still life, in inanimate description. It is natural therefore, that he should indulge in that species of writing, in which he most excels; but experience and observation, should have taught him, that this propensity always needs a watchful eye, to check it from running into extremes, and exposing him to ridicule. There is always danger in riding a *Hobby*. When jaded, fagged, and spiritless, as he is very apt to become, if long ridden, he is the most wretched and tiresome beast of all that entered the Ark. Besides, there is a possibility of riding a hobby to death; and if we are not much deceived, Mr. Irving's, on this occasion, will hardly escape with life—if he does, he will be sadly foundered, and never rise to the vigour of his former self. To quit the metaphor, however, lest like him, we should ride it to death's door; we are inclined to believe, that all his puerility in the volumes before us, is ascribable to this jading of his hobby. He has painted *too much*, and he paints things *too little*, because he paints too much. It is surprising to behold the limited mass of real, substantial knowledge, comprised in these two volumes; and we wonder, after perusing them, at the few new ideas, or impressions, which they leave behind. They are all painting, all sentiment, petty and out of place sentiment; school-boy associations; nursery passions; trite remarks; Fair Julias; broken and isolated maxims; small-ware fancies; and old bachelors stories;—all dressed off in a kind of poetical prose, waggish, joking, and affected style, neither serious nor humorous, neither dignified nor graceful, neither witty nor tasteful, nor classical.

If Mr. Irving would be advised, he will henceforth quit this namby-pamby sort of composition; or at least practice it less frequently. It may be, that he is now capable of no higher, or more solid branch of letters, and we incline to that opinion. If this is the fact, he should begin to husband his fame; appear more seldom on the public stage in the character of a *Humourist*, never forgetting, that a *dull Humourist* is the dullest of all terrestrial pretenders; and by this means, he may yet be able to patch up his reputation, and go *decently* down to posterity. Should he, however, remain obstinately addicted to such writing as that of *Bracebridge Hall*, nothing can rescue him from oblivion and contempt, but—the countenance of *Castlereagh*, and a title of nobility from George the IVth.

We have no prejudice against, but heretofore have cherished a good deal for Mr. Irving; and to prove it, we are even now, as ready to praise where he deserves it, as we are to censure him; but if the latter should predominate, it is because his imperfections are greater than his excellencies, for which we hold ourselves not accountable.—Having blamed him for his bad sketches, we will now commend him for his good ones. The beautiful tale of *Annette Delarbre*, is fraught with the most touching pathos, the most tender and simple eloquence of description, the most unaffected, yet commanding portraits. The interest is wrought up to the most intense pitch; all is natural, picturesque and pleasing: our only regret is, that the author of so captivating a tale, should ever have composed any thing inferior.

The story of *Dolph Heyliger*, from the MSS. of *Deidrich Knickerbocker*, the historian of New-York, is the most considerable tale in the whole work; and surpasses, in respect to incident, humour, and composition, all the

others. The scene of this little novel is laid on American ground, in the good old city of the *Manhattes*; and the genius of the author seems to have again awakened to its original lustre, upon touching his native soil. If we except to the puerility of the Ghost part of the story, which is not less trite than it is childish, the rest may pass with approbation. Wherever there is a Ghost, there will always be something very interesting, but unfortunately we have past the age, when even ghost-stories, as a theme of *nursery terror*, would be tolerated. There is something even degrading to a manly mind, to employ itself so laboriously upon subjects so extremely jejune and frivolous; so utterly incapable of exciting a great display of powers, or of matching a brilliant and prolific imagination. The sketch of the *Haunted House*, which precedes that of *Dolph Heyliger*, is of the lowest kind of vulgar gossiping, that prevails among vagrant and negro boys; totally unworthy of the genius of Mr. Irving, and equally disagreeable if not insulting to every class of readers. What could have tempted him into such a path, it is impossible to conjecture; being equally remote from pleasure, utility, or instruction.

We cannot abstain from remarking upon a trait of the work before us, which has impressed us in a powerful manner; and is applicable to every separate sketch, essay, or story. We mean that want of character, and distinct object, which renders a work of fiction, a mere indigestible mass of fanciful effusions, often sparkling and sometimes brilliant, but never useful, pleasing, or harmonious. It may indeed be replied to this objection, that from his calling it a *Medley*, the author intended it to be so. But this answer is not a refutation of our objection. An author may design to write a new work that shall confound all tastes, principles, and canons of criticism, in its overwhelming nonsense; and to justify himself, as well as to disarm censure and taste, he may exultingly name his volume *CHAOS, or Common Sense turned upside down, by Primrose Pluckidiot, Esq.*—The design of being foolish, we maintain, would not justify the work, or metamorphose it into wisdom.—Mr. Irving must have had some faint and indistinct object in view, when he produced *Bracebridge Hall*. He must have intended it to amuse, or instruct the reader, or both. If he has failed in either of those purposes, or both, his work is imperfect and abortive. In our opinion he has completely miscarried in both. He neither delights, nor informs his reader; he neither electrifies him by *wit*, nor shakes him by humour; he neither augments his knowledge, nor expands his mind; he neither heats his fancy, nor exercises his judgment. And in point of moral improvement, by instilling some useful lesson, or maxim, he is wholly wanting. There is a *vagrancy* of character, in his writings, in this respect, that is positively criminal. Moreover, a work of mere fancy should either make us *laugh*, or it should allow us to be rationally grave.\* To keep us in a constant *expectation* of a laugh, destroys the whole; we are then neither fit for reason, nor for humour; and when the laugh comes, (for we did *laugh once* through

\* Mr. Irving is said to be subject to a distressing physical infirmity—of falling asleep in the best company, especially after a hearty dinner. We suspect that this weakness also follows him to his study, and that his pen often moves after his eyes have closed. It is not surprising, therefore, that his works should induce the same infirmity in his reader.

the two volumes;) it loses half of its jollity by having been so long on the way.

From the title, one would suppose, that a set of jolly, witty-fellows, had met together at *Bracebridge Hall*, to tell *funny stories*, be merry, and crack their sides with laughing. This is the *expectation* raised by the title. What then is the *disappointment* of the reader, to find all the personages, very grave, dull, and sober kind of gentry. The *Squire*, is a mere automaton; Master Simon a conceited old bachelor; the Captain we see only in profile; the *Fair Julia* is an amiable kind of non-entity; Lady Lillycraft is scarcely better; the General is far from being a well drawn character; and indeed the whole *Dramatis Personæ*, are of a sadly melancholic humour for a *funny* tome of two huge Octavos. The incidents at the Hall are entirely founded upon the approaching nuptials of the *Fair Julia*, and the *Squire's Son*, the Captain. This is rather the worst part of the book. With the exception of the three stories of the *Student of Salamanca*, *Annette Delabre*, and *Dolph Heyliger*, the work may very justly and not severely be described by the epithet—*trash*.

The following passage so well applies to Mr. Irving's work, that we must quote it.

"We seem, says Goldsmith, to be pretty much in the situation of travellers at a Scotch Inn; vile entertainment is served up, complained of, and sent down; up comes worse, and that is also changed, and every change makes our wretched cheer more unsavoury. What must be done? Only sit down contented, cry up all that comes before us, and admire even the absurdities of"—*Irving*.

There is one comfort, however, amidst all the mortification and disappointment, we have experienced in the perusal of these volumes—we shall know hereafter, what to expect from Mr. Irving.

#### LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

THE banks of the Liddel, in Roxburghshire, have the honour of giving birth to John Armstrong, one of the most learned and polished poets our country has produced.

—Such the stream,  
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air.  
Liddel till now, except in Doric lays  
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream  
Through meads more flow'ry, more romantic groves,  
Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!  
May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
In rural innocence; thy mountains still  
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods  
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay  
With painted meadows and the golden grain.

Book III. *Art of Preserving Health.*

Armstrong's father was minister of the parish of Castleton, through which the Liddel flows. After going through the usual course of education at Edinburgh, with more than ordinary reputation, young Armstrong took the degree of M.D. on the 4th of February, 1732. His thesis, the subject of which was *De Tabo Purulente*, was published as the forms of the university require. Armstrong sent a copy of it, three days afterwards, to Sir Hans Sloane, accompanied by the following ingenuous letter in the Latin language.

"Vir eruditissime dignissimeq.

Indolis tuæ suavitatem late celebratam, plurimum commendat, quod juveni obscuro, neq. tibi noto, patrocinio tuo favere haud dedignèris. En, studiorum suorum primitias, qualescunq. sint, tibi tremulâ manu offert. Ut munusculi prælium (quod sentio quam sit exiguum) aliquo modo patroni dignitati responderet—sed absit tyroni talis spes. Lenitate atq. candore tibi propriis solis confido. Hisce in nixus, opusculum tenue, incultumq. te benignè accepturum spero.

\* Sloane MSS. No. 4036.

Interim, ut, probitatis exemplum atq. philosophorum cœlibus decus, diu vivas atq. valeas obnixè precatur.

Tui observantissimus,

JOANNES ARMSTRONG.

Dabam Edinburgi, 7<sup>o</sup> die  
Februarii, A. D. 1732.

To Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. President to the royal Society and college of physicians, London."

Whether this letter attracted any notice from the learned president we are not informed. It appears, that two years afterwards, Dr. Armstrong transmitted to the royal Society a paper on the "Alcalescent disposition of Animal Fluids," which was read, though not printed, in their transactions. It is preserved among the MSS. of Dr. Birch, then Secretary of the society, in the British Museum, (No. 4433.)

It seems, that while a student, Armstrong had begun to pay his court to the Muses. One of his first attempts was a descriptive sketch, in imitation of Shakespeare, which, he informs us, met with the approbation of Thomson, Mallet, and Young. He wrote, also, about this period, part of a tragedy in imitation of Shakespeare.

In 1735, we find him in London attracting some notice by a humorous fugitive piece in 8vo., entitled "An Essay for abridging the study of Physic; to which is added, a Dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious society; as also an Epistle from Usbeck, the Persian to Joshua Ward Esq." It was dedicated "to the Antacademic Philosophers, to the generous despisers of the schools, to the deservedly celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians, by their most devoted servant and zealous admirer." This work was said, at the time, to exhibit the very spirit of Lucian; but now that the impostures which it exposed are forgotten for others of greater novelty, but little of this spirit can be discovered. The satire is just, but wasted on ephemeral topics.

1737, He published "A Synopsis of the History and Cure" of that class of diseases which furnish "the sect of inspired physicians," with their most lucrative practice; and shortly after, "*The Economy of Love*," a poem. The object of both productions seems to have been the same, and though it was an object sufficiently consistent with professional assiduity, it brought no honour to his character, either as a man of letters or a moralist. In the one, he allured with syren power the youth of the land to those indiscretions for which the other presented the cure; it was, in short, altogether a business matter, in which self-interest supplied the cunning, and genius the capital. As a physician, and a poor physician, he panted after practice; and not content with encountering the quacks who engrossed it, with the might of learning and skill, he was ungallant enough to call in the Muses, to assist him in his interested-rivalry. It would seem, however, that he failed in obtaining the reward he anticipated. The "*Economy of Love*" sold rapidly, but it brought but little practice to the author of "*The Synopsis of the History and Cure*."

At a later period, Dr. Armstrong appears to have suppressed the most obnoxious passages of "*The Economy of Love*," in a new edition which bore to be "revised and corrected by the author." He would have done better could he have suppressed it entirely. It is still a licentious poem, and remains very properly excluded from every collection of poetry—even from his own collection of his works. From one of the cases on literary property, it appears, that the whole sum he received for it from his publisher, Mr. Millar, was only fifty guineas.

The "*Art of preserving Health*," by which Dr. Armstrong made ample atonement to his injured reputation, was published in 1744. It raised him instantly to a place among the first poets of his age, and was universally read and admired.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital for lame and sick soldiers, behind Buckingham-house, through the influence, it is believed, of Dr. Mead, whom he had thus handsomely invoked in his last poem:

Oh thou! belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing powers;  
Indulge, Oh Mead! a well-design'd essay,  
Howe'er imperfect: and permit, that I  
My little knowledge with my country share,  
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
And with new graces dignify the theme.

In 1751, he presented the public with "*Benevolence*," an epistle to Eumenes; and in 1753, "*Taste*," an epistle to a young critic. In 1758, he published "*Sketches or Essays on various subjects*," under the title of Launcelot Temple, Esq. The sale of this work was remarkably rapid, owing, in some measure probably, to a fable of the



day, that Mr. Wilkes, then in the zenith of his popularity, had assisted in its production. Its merit was not of the highest order, and it is not among the collections of Essays that are now generally read.

In 1760, Dr. Armstrong was honoured by the distinguished appointment of physician to the forces in Germany. While engaged on this service, he transmitted to Mr. Wilkes, in England, an epistle in rhyme, which soon afterwards found its way into print, under the title of "Day, an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq. of Aylesbury," "without the knowledge," as was pretended in a prefatory advertisement, "or consent of the author, or of the gentleman to whom it is addressed."

On the peace, Dr. Armstrong returned to London, and resumed, but with little success, his practice as a physician. In 1770, he published a Collection of his works in two volumes, containing the productions already mentioned, with the exception of the Economy of Love, and Day, the Epistle to Mr. Wilkes, and the following hitherto unpublished pieces.—"Imitations of Shakespeare and Spenser." "The Universal Almanac, by Noureddin Ali." "The Forced Marriage," a tragedy which was offered to Garrick in 1754, but rejected; and some additional "Sketches." In an advertisement prefixed to these volumes, Dr. A. modestly says, he had, at last, "taken the trouble upon him to collect his works, and to have them printed under his own inspection; a task that he had long avoided; and to which he would hardly have submitted himself, but for the sake of preventing their being, at some future time, exposed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had."

In 1771, he took "a short ramble through some parts of France and Italy," in company with Mr. Fuseli, the painter, and published a discontented account of it on his return. In 1773, he closed his literary career, by the publication of a quarto volume of "Medical Essays," in which he accounts for his not having such extensive practice as some of his brethren, on the ground of his not being qualified to employ the usual means of forcing his way, by a ticklish state of spirits, and a dis-tempered excess of sensibility.

The peculiar circumstances under which "Day," or the Epistle to Mr. Wilkes, was published, have already been noticed; it still remains to relate some consequences which arose out of it, of a very disagreeable description, and which there is reason to believe, tended in no small degree to embitter the latter years of Dr. Armstrong's life. The poem contained a lively satire on the follies of "the day;" but of so general a nature, that the author had doubtless hoped to see

—his taxing like a wild goose fly,  
Unclaimed of any man.

(To be continued.)

#### MANNERS OF THE TOWN.

##### NO. V.

Yes, know thyself: in great concerns and small,  
Let this be all thy care, for this is all:  
Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,  
Let thy intemperate taste for turbot sigh!  
Oh think what end awaits thee, timely think,  
If thy maw widens as thy pockets shrink,  
Thy maw, of all thy father's thrift could save,  
Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave.

Juvenal.

THE practice, as it is commonly termed, "of giving Parties," has never, within the memory of man, been carried to so extravagant an excess, in this country, as during the past winter. To those, whose resources of fortune, are limited to no calculations of economy, of which we fortunately in the United States, have very few; this princely mode of treating company, may be convenient, as well as pleasurable. We say treating company, because it not unfrequently happens, that the hostess, from the crowds that press through her rooms, ever sees half of her visitors, in the flurry and pleasure of the moment. The immense scale, on which these fashionable carousals are now conducted; the great numbers present, and the still greater numbers invited, would induce a strange observer to believe; that some wealthy Princess, or enriched Minister of State, took a pleasure in squandering some of their burdensome gold, to gratify the appetites of some hundreds of

their starving subjects, whose affections never outlived the gust of the entertainment. In truth, this species of style in living, has been carried to an extreme, which few can bear the expense of, without many serious privations in their comforts; and many acts of unjust procrastination, towards their honest and deserving creditors, among tradesmen and mechanics, who supply them with the daily necessities of life.

These observations have been suggested, by the following letters, directed to "*The Person who writes about the Manners of the Town.*"

SIR,

I am glad to see, that you have taken in hand the direction of the ways of our town-folks; for such a thing has long been wanting; and I am now out of pocket three hundred dollars, at least, in Bills against great folks, for bread, of a year's standing; and can't get a cent from them. The reason they say, is, they're engaged, and I must call to-morrow; but when I call to-morrow, they're seeing company, or gone out, or can't attend to it. I went the other morning to get my Bill from a lady in M—street; and just as I got to the door, I saw a Mr. Sweetface, I think they call him, a Confectioner, come out with a check on the Bank, in his hand; and then after him, came a black waiter with notes and silver; and after him, a Musician, or player on the fiddle, folding up in a piece of brown paper, three or four handsome Bank Notes.—I knocked, and was told to come in, which I took to be a sure sign I should be paid. But the Lady was very polite; she was sorry she had so much money to pay; but next quarter-day, when she received her Dividends, I might depend upon receiving my bill.—As I was going out, the black fellow grinned so wickedly at me, I was near knocking him down; but he ran after me, to tell me he hoped I was't angry; only he thought it looked queer, to see a gentleman like me, call for a bill, after Mrs. Courtly had just been giving a grand party and ball. Such things, he said, was't usual!—I hope you will excuse this trouble, and let the world see how great folks, make a dash, as they call it, at the expense of hard-working, honest citizens.

Your humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER STRIKER.

The other epistle, was from a Milk Maid; a perfect Cicilly Homespun, whom I have frequently remarked, in my morning walks, in fine weather, with her bright scoured pail on her arm; her neat homespun gown, without a blemish; her apron white as the falling snow; her handsome brunette countenance, beaming with content; her black eyes sparkling with repressed fire; and her cheek glowing with the blush of health.—She wrote to me, she said, to complain of her great customers; who freely took her milk; but never were so free to pay for it. Her mother was poor, old, and decrepid; and she and her brother John, done all in their power, to let mother live comfortably, and make an honest living for themselves. But she was tired out of heart, in calling on the great party folks, for her bills; while most of her milk was taken by them. Month after month she was put off; but her money never came, except sometimes a small sum, not near what was owing. But they had rent to pay; and when quarter day came round, her Landlord would not be put off; the rent must be paid, even though the Cows were sold, to make it up.—She hoped I would take note of her distress; and try to help her to her just rights; but on no account to publish her bad written letter.—Such was the substance of Cicilly's epistle, full of simplicity, truth, and unaffected pathos; calculated to teach virtue to her superiors, and make them envious of that pure sensibility, and natural sentiment of justice, of which they now appear so entirely destitute.—Cicilly's epistle bears such evident symptoms of acute sagacity, and native intelligence, breaking through the obstacles of a very confined education, that I feel an interest

in her griefs, which forcibly drags my attention, from the fashionable system of pleasure, that excites her to complain.—I would not shock the belles of the town, however, by comparing Cicilly's unsophisticated nature, to their artificial, and tinsel characters. But there are precious *jewels* in Cicilly's heart, worth more than all the baubles that ever glistened in the head of an heiress, at a Birth-night ball. Gratitude, sincere love, unperverted sincerity, honest candour, amiable benignity, and a soft, and winning meekness, are the qualities that adorn her.—Besides these, she has nobler feelings, which I cannot pourtray in this place. But I set out, to paint the manners of the Town, and behold! I have been irresistibly drawn, by their superior charms, to paint something of the manners of the country. Thus it is; from the glitter, hum, inanity, and false pleasures of a party, or a Ball room, we are glad to make our escape, into the blooming vales of Nature, to be cheered by the simple prattle of a milk maid, in preference to the lisping and affected exclamations, of a fashionable belle, reeling in the vain intoxication of accomplished folly.

#### MR. JEFFERSON AND THE NATIVE OF VIRGINIA.

It is due to Truth, to History, and to pure Republicanism, to take note of the controversy now in agitation, between that venerable Patriot Thomas Jefferson, and a secret agent of the *Federal party*, whose object in conjunction with the *National Gazette* is to libel, defame, and bring into disrepute, the most conspicuous chiefs of the Democratic party. We have ever viewed, and still continue to hold Mr. Jefferson in the highest respect and esteem, for his public services, his great talents, and his now venerable and sage-like old age. We consider him now, as second only to Washington, in the list of worthies, who have gilded by their genius the brightest days of the Republic. Mr. Jefferson in the most trying times, at the council-board, was the adviser and friend of Washington; and although not a soldier, contributed greatly to the success of our arms in the Revolution. As the author of the Declaration of Independence he extorts all our gratitude. As a Statesman and a philosopher, his fame is widely diffused; and his unsullied Republicanism has been the means, of rescuing the country, from the tyrannical domination of a bigoted party of English politicians. Having received the highest honours of the Republic, he now reposes from the cares of public life, in the cultivation of Literature, and the useful dissemination of knowledge.

We deeply regret, that in this his last retirement from the rage of political warfare, when he was just tasting of the sweet and unalloyed cup of Fame, and beholding in anticipation, the applause and renown which a grateful posterity will shower upon his name—that a daring libeller should out-stretch an assassin hand, to waylay and prostrate his reputation. At a time too, when his character had been universally consecrated to unblemished reputation; when even the envenomed tongue of faction, had ceased to whisper aught to his disparagement, and all were joining in the tribute of unanimous admiration;—at such a period, to see his fame assailed by a libel, and his repose shaken into feverish controversy, by the hireling of a fallen faction, pioneering the way of their political ascendancy, must ever be a subject for profound regret, to every true hearted American. But we predict, that the *English Federalists* who have thus raked up the embers of an antiquated transaction, to assist them in regaining their ascendancy in the politics of the Country, will miscarry in their iniquitous scheme of slander. The evil designed to flow from this accusation, on the Democratic party, will recoil upon their own heads, and plunge them still deeper in disgrace and infamy, with the People.

If this accusation were true, not even the exalted opinion we entertain of Mr. Jefferson, not even his great services, and his immortal talents, would deter us from giving full sway to the dictates of truth and republican virtue. Yes, even a venerable patriot like Mr. Jefferson, would in that case have to abide the issue of the deed. We hold it an immutable maxim, that Democracy to be useful, and conducive to the happiness of the People, must be so pure as to be unsuspected; and if suspected, it must be purified through the fiery ordeal of investigation, and the just infliction of punishment. In such a case as that of Mr. Jefferson, indignation as apt to take the place of defence, and

we feel more inclined to assail the calumniator, than justify the innocent object of his aspersion.

The real circumstances, on which this malicious charge of speculation is grounded, are simply these. On the 21st of October, 1789, Mr. Jefferson being then Minister to France drew a Bill at Cowes, (*England*) to the order of Grand and Co. on Willinks Van Staphorst and Hubbard, the Dutch Bankers of the U. S. for 2800 Florins, equal to 1148 dollars. This Bill he transmitted to Grand and Co., his bankers, at Paris; and immediately credited the U. S. in his account this 1148 dollars, which he, of course charged to himself. The Bill it appears, never reached Grand and Co., being lost in the confusion and tumult that attended the French Revolution. It will be seen, then, that the Bill was *never negotiated*; that Mr. Jefferson received *no money for it*, but on the contrary *charged himself* with it, in his account with the U. S. To prove the Bill was lost, the Dutch Bankers never charged it to the U. S., and Grand and Co. never gave Mr. Jefferson credit for the amount. In 1792, Mr. Jefferson settled his account with the U. S., by the payment of a balance of 883 dollars. The Auditor of the Treasury, in 1809, apprised Mr. Jefferson that this Bill had never appeared in the accounts of the Dutch Bankers, and that he therefore appeared entitled to a reimbursement of the amount. Mr. Jefferson, in consequence drew the amount of 1148 dollars from the Treasury.

It is falsely alleged by his opponent, the *Native of Virginia*, that Mr. Jefferson received the sum of 1148 dollars *twice*; first, when he drew the Bill at Cowes, and subsequently, when he received the amount from the Treasury. But Mr. Jefferson and the account of Grand and Co. prove, that no money was received by him in England, for the Bill. The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible and clear, the accusation against him is both false and malicious. To use the concluding words of Mr. Jefferson himself in his Letter

"The sum of the whole then is, that I drew a bill on the U. S. bankers, charged myself with it, on the presumption it would be paid; that it never was paid, however, either by the bankers of the U. S. or any body else. It was surely just then, to return the money I had paid for it, yet the "*Native of Virginia*" thinks, that this act of receiving back the money I had thus, through error, over paid, "*was a palpable and manifest act of moral turpitude, about which no two honest, impartial men can possibly differ.*" I ascribe these hard expressions to the ardour of his zeal for the public good, and as they contain neither argument nor proof, I pass them over without observation. Indeed I have not been in the habit of noticing these morbid ejections of spleen, either with or without the names of those venting them, but I have thought it a duty on the present occasion to relieve my fellow citizens and my country from the degradation in the eyes of the world, to which this informer is endeavouring to reduce it, by representing it as governed hitherto by a succession of swindlers and speculators, nor shall I notice any further endeavours to prove or to palliate this palpable misinformation. I am too old and inert to undertake minute investigations of intricate transactions of the last century; and I am not afraid to trust to the Justice and good sense of my fellow citizens on future as on former attempts to lessen me in their esteem."

The most prejudiced mind, will acknowledge upon a moment's reflection, that Mr. Jefferson never would have risked his reputation, his fame, and the very existence of his party, by committing, the paltry speculation ascribed to him by a "*Native of Virginia*." Republican Institutions, Democratic principles, the virtue, the safety, the character of the American People would never be put in jeopardy, by such a Patriot as Mr. Jefferson, for the petty consideration of eleven hundred dollars—no, not for millions. Let the People rest satisfied therefore, that Mr. Jefferson will never prove unworthy of himself, or unworthy of them. And let the secret conspirators of the Federal party rest also satisfied, that they never can succeed in the base attempt, to prostrate his well-earned fame, or to regain *their justly forfeited Ascendancy*, in the councils of the Republic. Let them take what name, or what shape, they will, to escape the detestation in which they are so justly held, the People will not fail to scorn them for their hypocrisy, as well as to hate them for their tyranny. Their doom is irrecoverably sealed.

#### SCHEME TO PLACE THE FEDERALISTS IN POWER.

THE disclosures made by the *National Gazette*, on which we offered some cursory animadversions in our last No., are of too important a character to the Democracy of the United States, to be lightly passed over. We wish it to be fully understood, however, that we are actuated to



dwelt upon this subject, solely from its great political consequences; and not, as the Editor of that paper, and some few of his readers may imagine, from any importance which we attach to his anti-Republican Gazette. There is a high degree of supercilious vanity, which at all times recoils upon the possessor, exposing him to ridicule, and derision. We do not think we could derive any importance from attacking that Journal, and we are very sure, we could gain no honour by its notice, unless it was in the form of denunciation. We are perfectly, thorough acquainted with its swaggering aristocracy, always stalking upon stilts, and surrounded in fancy, by the Lord-perfumed atmosphere of the *King's Levee*, or the *Houses of Parliament*. But it "passeth us as the idle wind;" we regard it only with contempt, as the strut of the Peacock, or the swelling crawl of the Turkey. There is something too ineffably ridiculous in it, for serious remonstrance; it borders too much upon insanity, for rebuke, and seems absolutely too puerile for satire. We view it as an unhappy disease; we pity the wretched object of such deplorable hallucinations; but sensible of the mischief which even partial insanity may commit in society, we feel bound to take note of his incoherent exclamations, his wild projects, his fitful disclosures, and his majestic antics. The existence of the Democratic party, is now menaced by a secret plot, whose machinations have been revealed, accidentally, in the ravings of this Aristocratic Gazette.

We have long been aware of the desire of the high-toned, or English Federalists, (by which we understand those, whose principles are formed by the British Aristocracy, or who desire to see the country again brought under the government of the *King*) to soften down the odiousness of their party name, or to abandon it altogether, for one less obnoxious; so that without changing their principles, they might deceive the people, and regain that ascendancy in politics, which they possessed in the old-royal days of *John Adams*. A regular plot and correspondence have been established, to effect this nefarious object. Papers have been set up, to aid and assist in the scheme. Editors have been selected, who were bitter and acrimonious Federalists; but who from Education, and the habits of dissimulation, were fitted to modulate and soften down their tone, under an apparent gradual change of principles and sentiments. When we recollect the bare-faced, but insincere tergiversation of the elder John Adams, and that of his son, John Quincy Adams, who as late as Mr. Jefferson's Administration, was found in the ranks of the *English Federalists*, voting against the acquisition of Louisiana, and every other Republican measure; we will not be at a loss to conceive the nature of this *seeming* change. The truth, however, is, that this change never extended beyond the *patry name*; in their hearts they were still aristocrats; still devoted to monarchical government and principles, and still bent upon recovering their lost ascendancy, by means of a new party name, or by attempting to write down all distinctions, which could make known to the People their *real friends*, and their real foes, under the guise of friends; as Satan took another form, to practice his devilish arts, and instil evil councils into the minds of unsuspecting innocence. The character most agreeable to the People, that of a Republican, would of course be chosen, by these selfish dissemblers, to elude

their real principles of Aristocracy. But what infatuation, what folly does it suppose in the people, to attempt to cheat them by arts so palpable, and an affectation of Democracy so easily detected: where, in the same column of one of these disguised Anglo-Federal Journals, like the *National Gazette*, we meet with three lines of *professed* republicanism; a hundred lines of encomiums upon the *British Parliament*, and fifty of argument, to prove, that a *National Debt* is a blessing to the country; that *Stock-jobbers*, are the exclusive Patriots; that the *Irish* are murderderous savages; that Bonaparte was a Monster—because he did not *inherit* the Throne—and George the IV. a Saint, because he repudiated a Queen, who favoured the *Liberty of the People*!—In respect to ourselves, we meet with these professions in copulation with the most blind and humble devotion to the wealthy and aristocratic classes of society; and the most bitter hatred of the *common people*, who are not so rich as to ride in their coaches nor so depraved as to enjoy pleasures, which they cannot pay for.—We meet these *professions* conjoined with a proposition, to create a *Pension and Sinecure List*,\* after the fashion of England; and to begin with the *Pensioning* of all the *Ex-Presidents*, at the rate of *five, or six, or ten thousand dollars* per Annum; to enable them, as the Editor says, to live in splendid hospitality, free from the cares of a parsimonious household! The salary of *twenty-five thousand dollars per year*, is treated as a contemptible compensation by this same *would-be-thought* Republican, of British principles, and monarchical Politics.—This is the *demonstration* he gives us of his *real* sentiments and opinions, by the side of his *professed* republicanism. Let the People adjudge his *real* character, therefore, between the conflicting complexion of what he would *be thought*, and what he *in reality is*.

All these deceptive manœuvres, together with the grand scheme, of exalting the *Federalists*, under cover of *another name*, are cherished with an ulterior design upon the next *Presidential Election*. We are told by the Editor of the *Gazette*, alluded to, that it will prove impracticable for the *next President*, to hold up, and act on the old party distinctions of *Federalist and Democrat*. We presume, his argument is based upon the assumed fact, that *Mr. Adams*, as the *legitimate heir of his father*, must be the next President, whose course of policy, he thus arrogantly undertakes to point out.—Here then, the whole *mystery* (and it is indeed a very *profound mystery*, every way worthy of the disciples of *Loyala*) is revealed to us poor benighted Democrats who can penetrate no deception, or see aught beneath the smooth surface of a dissembler's smiles. This scheme of destroying all the old party denominations, is now the grand engine which is to raise Mr. John Quincy Adams to the Presidency—on condition, that the Editor of the *National Gazette*, can succeed in persuading the People, that there is no difference between a *Tory*, and a *Wig*, a *Radical* and a *Royalist*, or a *Democrat* and an *English Federalist*! Now this scheme, to a people so stupid and blind, as he thinks the Democrats, the *mob*, as he calls them, the *many Democrats*, is an easy task. He has nothing more to do, than to contrast the administration of *John Adams*

\* Vide *National Gazette* of the 29th May, 1822.

with *Thomas Jefferson*; or to show how exactly his own political principles *harmonize* with those of a *Democratic Editor*! Or what is still easier, he can demonstrate that *Lord Londonderry* is as much of a Democrat as *Hunt*, or as much of a *Radical* as *Sir Francis Burdett*, or *Alderman Wood*, and that *George the fourth* is *in fact*, the same as *Cobbett* and his *Gridiron*. Or—which would be coming to the point at once, and *very elegantly too*, prove that there is no possible difference between the *English Borough System*, and the American Constitution; and that we might as well call ourselves Englishmen, as Yankees; or it would make no difference whatever, even if we called ourselves *Chinese*, the President an *Emperor*, and the Editor of the Gazette a *Mandarin* of the first order. For ourselves, we vote in accordance with this sound logic, and virtuous principle, that *all Editors*, little and big, be entitled to the *title, rank, and riches of Nabobs*. Where is the difference?

To be serious, however, on a subject involving very serious consequences. We trust the People will see through the wretched sophistry thus made use of to enslave them to the arbitrary son of an arbitrary Sire, (*John Adams*,) and that they will repel with indignation, this artful and unprincipled attempt, to seduce them from the cause of Liberty, the cause of man, and the equal rights of a Democratic Constitution; to the support of an *English System of Politics*, comprising a *National Debt*, heavy *Taxes*, *Pensioned Presidents*, and other officers of Government; *sinecures*; *stock-jobbing*; *titles*; an *insolent Aristocracy*, and the destruction of a *Free Press*, by another *Sedition Law*, under the tyranny of *King John Adams the Second*.

#### PENSIONED PRESIDENTS.

There is more meaning in the *Federal* proposition to *Pension the Presidents* of the United States, than meets the eye, or immediately occurs to the understanding. If that splendid imitation of English corruption could be brought to bear in the life time of old John Adams; and it could be so contrived as to have a *retrospective operation*, what a mine of gold would it not open to him in his old age, to free him from the *cures of a parsimonious household*; Six thousand dollars per year, and for twenty five years—One hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A princely reward, indeed, for four years of tyranny, oppression, and evil government! Why, at this rate, we should soon put to shame, the inferior corruptions of the old *Borough-Mongering British Empire*. But what use is a Pension without a *Title* to give it dignity and importance! Come on, *Messrs. Federalists*, come on, and let us see your plan for an *order of Nobility*! What shall the *Ex-Presidents* be called?—*Dukes of Columbia*! And what the Secretaries of State? *His Serene Highness Prince Calhoun*, *Prince Crawford*, *Prince Adams*, &c. &c. Excellent Democratic Editor!

Let not the reader smile at this anticipation of what is not more *unlikely now*, than the proposition to *pension the Presidents* was, three weeks ago. If one part of the English system of tyranny is adopted, why should not another follow? But thank God! the Aristocrats have not the power to carry their schemes into effect, and we ardently pray they never may have. They never can have,

if the People remain true to *Democracy*, and to the Constitution, and keep the *Dukes down*.

A New-York paper calls Walsh the *champion* of Mr. Jefferson. Gentle reader! breathe awhile. Walsh obtained all his little importance by his calumny of Mr. Jefferson, and his libels on the Democrats! His first book, (*a small pamphlet*,) was written in *praise of England*, and against *Buonaparte*, *Jefferson*, and the *American people*. His second work was an improvement upon the English complexion of his first; and the *British Reviewers* canonized him for a true Tory, who hated every thing Republican. Against Buonaparte and Mr. JEFFERSON, however, most of his declamation was vomited. The latter gentleman was the unceasing object of his libellous and traducing pen, that streamed eternal venom on his name. "*The spiritless and ductile MR. JEFFERSON*." Our "*heartless and narrow-minded rulers*." "*The weakness and folly of our (JEFFERSON'S) public councils*." In one part of his book, he says he expects to be called "*the blind Apologist of England*." In another, he will consider the minority in Congress, as *Traitors* to their country, if they do not protest against the *War with England*! "*Our pusillanimous administration*," is a phrase common to him; and indeed, there are few debasing and ignominious epithets, which he has not lavished upon Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Gallatin, and all the distinguished chiefs of the Democratic Party. And this too, in a book called *The American Review*. And this man is now called—in derision—the *Champion of Mr. Jefferson*.

#### PERSIAN ELEGY.

FROM THE ORIENTAL GLEANER, NO. V.

Verses by Mirsa Mohammed, Secretary to the Persian legation.

On the death of the Princess Clementina of Meternich.

"Oh! thou cedar of beauty, elate with  
 "Mental dignity, and of gentleman,  
 "Why, like a star of richly blended fire,  
 "Hast thou departed?  
 "Behold! thou hast departed to regions  
 "Bright with celestial beams. Thou didst  
 "Depart, and hast left us behind in  
 "Grief.  
 "Accomplished Clementina, we hail  
 "Thy merits with melodious homage—  
 "We blazon thy memory with affection's  
 "Fire, for still thy spirit charmed us.  
 "In Paradise thou wilt dwell; on  
 "Eden's lotos thou wilt feed: thou  
 "Hast departed from this place of dust. A  
 "Sincere offering this, to a name so entitled  
 "To praise.  
 "Roses are changed to thorns, since  
 "Thou Clementina, no more spreadest  
 "Thy beauties to view; since thou hast  
 "Taught us to weep for thee, sink in the  
 "Sleep of death."

On the first Saturday in August ensuing, it is the design of the Editors to issue the COLUMBIAN OBSERVER twice a week, on a Super-royal Sheet, at Five Dollars per annum. It will be published on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

Subscriptions, and Advertisements on the usual terms, are respectfully solicited, By HICKMAN & HAZZARD, No. 121, Chesnut Street.